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THE ARM!—THE SWORD!—AND THE HOUR!

OR,

The Legend of the Enchanted Knights ;

Freely versified and amplified from the German

OF

MUSÆUS.

BY M. G. KENNEDY, Esq.

Brabantio. Are there not charms,

By which the properties of youth and maidhood
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Roderigo. Yes, Sir; I have indeed!

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMAN.

1850.



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DEDICATION.

To the Rising Generation

OF

THIS GREAT AND MIGHTY KINGDOM

FROM

The Prince,

TO

The Peasant,

TO THE RICHEST!—TO THE POOREST!

The following Poem,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION OF
YOUTH, IS DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.



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PREFACE.

THE Legends of Musæus are sufficiently popular to render my humble praise a work of supererogation. Wieland, the Voltaire of Germany, reviewing the Legend of "The Three Sisters," the ground work of my poem, says:—"This work in its kind is one of the best publications of late years—so rich in the most splendid literary productions. The tale may be, without the slightest danger, put into the hands of every youth. Far from corrupting the heart, it is, on the contrary, adapted to develope in young heads the ideas which ought to germ there. At my age (seventy), I have consecrated considerable time to superintend a new edition of this work."

Khol, describes it as a singular and beautiful Fairy Legend, "which may be read to advantage by children of the largest growth."

Paul de Kock has published a translation of it in France, with great success. In his preface he remarks :—" The popular Fancy Stories of Musæus are entertaining as well as moral. In every line the author excites our curiosity and amuses our imagination; and at the same time neglects not to present ridicule in its true light, to chastise vice, and to throw irony and satire upon folly and prejudice. If Musæus had only written the Chronicle of the Three Sisters, that story alone would have been sufficient to establish his reputation, and to place him upon a level with the first authors of Germany. None of the tales of the Thousand and one Nights—so rich in beauties and wonders—can enter the lists against this production, in which the author has lavished all the treasures of fairyism."

I must now comply with the promise contained in page 169, and inform the youthful reader that the German Legend is curious enough to inform us that, at the end of the festival at the Castle of the Baron Earndolf, his three Sons'-in-law departed. Reginald, heir of the county, always remained with his parents, and closed their eyes, as a dutiful son ought. Arthur, the Bear, bought

the county Askania, and founded the town of Bearborough, (Bernburg.) It is the capital of the principality of Anhalt, and situate on the river Lata, five leagues from Dessäu, and four from Magdeburg. The river separates the ancient and stately castle from the town. Edgar, the Eagle, went into Helvetia, where in the shadow of the high Alps, he founded the town of Eagleborough, upon a river, at that time without a name, but afterwards called the Eagle, from the town which it watered. Eagleborough or Aarburg is a town in Helvetia, on the river Aar, (Eagle) which unites with the Rhine, equalling it in size, at the junction. The town is situate in the canton of Berne, nine leagues from Basle. It has a fortress erected on the summit of a steep and lofty rock. Ufo, the Dolphin, went with an army into Burgundy, conquered part of the country, and called the conquered province the Dolphinate, (Le Dauphiné). The Dolphinate is a province of France, forty-two leagues in length, thirty-four broad. Ufo Guignes, called the Dolphin, seized the province in the year 879. From him the first born son of his successors was called the Dolphin, in French, (Le Dauphin)

which title was transferred to the eldest son of the kings of France, when they obtained possession of the Dolphinate; and as the three Princes had given names to their towns and dynasties in remembrance of their enchantment they took also the forms of beast, bird, and fish, as symbols in their coats of arms. Therefore it is that the town of Bearborough has for its coat of arms a bear; the town of Eagleborough, an eagle; and the Dolphinate, a dolphin. The precious pearls worn on gala days by the terrestrial goddesses in the Courts of Europe, and generally believed of oriental origin, may be, perhaps, those taken from the enchanted lake in the enchanted forest, and were "*once on a time*" in the linen sacks of the old hunting castle.

With these explanatory remarks, I take my leave of my young friends and readers; earnestly hoping they may derive not only amusement, but instruction from the following pages, and profit by what they read.

M. G. K.

Church Fields, January, 1850.

THE ARM!—THE SWORD!—AND THE HOUR!

OR,

The Legend of the Enchanted Knights.

BOOK I.—SECTION I.

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough.

Othello.

SHEWING HOW A CERTAIN MIGHTY BARON, LORD EARNDOLF, BEING
IN GREAT PROSPERITY FOOLISHLY DISSIPATED THE SAME, AND
BY SUCH WASTE AND EXTRAVAGANCE BROUGHT HIMSELF TO
RUIN.

ONCE on a time, our legend saith,

A mighty Baron thrived

In flocks, and crops, and cash beside,

And so this Baron wived.

Kind Providence the union bless'd
With children, Graces three ;
Three lovelier maidens mortal eyes
Might scarcely hope to see.

The Baroness and Baron bold
With pride their offspring scann'd ;
And many an anxious hope was rais'd
And airy castles plann'd.

“ A Feast ! a Feast ! ” Lord Earndolf cried,
“ The chase, and then the feast ;—
“ The feast, the dance, the merry hour ;
“ The altar, and the priest ! ”

Then gallant Knights and Troubadours
Sped to that ancient hall ;
And brimming cups were fill'd and drain'd
At midnight festival.

'Twas wassailry the live-long night,
Wild sports the live-long day ;
And tournament, and revelry,
And idle games of play.

Pages and liveried lackies there
Were ready at the need ;
And bell-mouth'd hounds, and falcons rare,
And barbs of nimblest speed.

Then smil'd the Baroness to think,
And smil'd the Baron too ;
Who should their lovely children win,
Or who should only woo.

But love dwells not with revelry,
More hallow'd is his mood ;
Then seek not love in noisy halls
But in calm solitude.

A meek and blue-eyed heav'nly guest
In the lone heart he dwells ;
And to himself the whispered thought
Of pure affection tells.

Then marvel not that to that hall
Of merriment and noise ;
Love never came with happy face
To join their feverish joys.

The fleetest steed will tire at length,
The deepest well may dry :
The longest purse must find an end
When thrift's no longer by.

So with the Baron bold, at last
His bounties felt excess ;
And since his coffers could no more,
His heart must do the less.

By overweening pride oppress'd
He scorn'd his state to own ;
And grasp'd at every passing straw,
Unwilling yet to drown.

To the rich burghers of the town
His lands in mortgage fell ;
The money-changers in the mart
His plate and jewels sell.

At length his servants he dismiss'd ;
Then sped his guests away ;
For poverty and friends dance not
Together on a day.

Steed after steed a market price
Sent home a market store ;
At last the needy beggar turn'd
In sorrow from the door.

And what remains the Baron now ?

His halls deserted be !

Still he hath left a virtuous wife,

And lovely daughters three.

And 'mid his fortune's dark decay,

In that secluded pile,

His hours pass one by one away

Without one cheering smile

O ! what were pomp and grand parade ?

O ! what was fashion now ?

Better the maidens had been taught,

To milk, to brew, or sew.

And when the humbled Baroness

Would to the pantry look,

Her heart misgiving, seem'd to mourn

She had not been a cook.

Poor fare was theirs ; no seething pots,
No rich and savoury stews ;
No frothing jugs, no flowing cups ;
'Twas neither pick nor choose.

Potatoes boil'd, poor meagre fare
For pamper'd appetite,
Were all the castle now could boast ;
So sad the Baron's plight.

Such sorry cheer, such frugal meals
Did very ill accord
To suit the stomach, or the taste,
Of that proud pamper'd Lord.

Each day more surly and morose
His heated temper grew ;
Until his ill and savage mood
No decent bearing knew.

The castle echo'd to his oaths,
So wild and loud were they ;
Then from her lord the Baroness
Would turn in grief away.

In sorrow pin'd those lovely maids,
Those high and peerless dames ;
Accursed seem'd their earthly lot,
And scorn'd their very names.

For though the plague pestiferous,
And Java's fatal tree,
Have power to blight, such blight is nought
Compar'd with poverty.

SECTION II.

Sebastian. A living drollery: Now I will believe
 That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
 There is one tree, the phœnix throne; one phœnix
 At this hour reigning there.

Antonio. I'll believe both,
 And what does else want credit, come to me,
 And I'll be sworn 'tis true. *The Tempest.*

SHOWING HOW THE BARON, IN GREAT DISTRESS, GOES INTO THE
 WOOD TO SEEK VENISON—HOW IN THE WOOD, WHICH IS EN-
 CHANTED, HE ENCOUNTERS A TALKING BEAR, WHOSE HONEY
 TREES THE BARON HAD DISCOVERED AND ROBBED—HOW THE
 BEAR THREATENS TO DEVOUR THE BARON, AND THE TERRIBLE
 CONDITIONS ON WHICH THE BEAR CONSENTS TO SPARE THE
 BARON'S LIFE.

It is the morn,—a glorious morn,—

A sunny morn in June ;

The lark is piping in the sky

A sweet and merry tune.

Up with the lark the Baron starts
And takes his hunting spear ;
And to the forest glade he hies
To slay the dainty deer.

That forest was a fearsome spot,
And known for leagues around,
The haunt of wicked gnomes and elves,
The foul-fiend's hunting ground.

The Baron fear'd no gnome, nor fiend,
With courage tried and told ;
Besides a hungry stomach makes
The veriest chicken bold.

So stoutly march'd the Baron on,
Unmindful of his way ;
But all in vain his eager eye
Look'd for the hoped-for prey.

Wearied at length, beside a stream
He stoop'd him down to drink ;
'Then underneath an oak he sat,
To eat,—perchance to think.

“ Gramercy ! mine’s a scanty stock,
“ Potatoes—water—salt—
“ O ! where be now the loins of beef,
“ The Rhenish and the malt ?

“ Where be they, where ?”—and wondering if
An echo would reply ;
He rais’d his lids, and lo ! behold !
What did his vision spy ?

A bear, a most ferocious bear,
With most ferocious stride,
With glaring eyes, and shaggy brow,
And a still shaggier hide.

Marching in solemn guise as though
His Highness seem'd to say,
“ Who, Sir, are you ?—and may I ask
Your business here to-day ?”

The Baron started to his feet
And grasp'd his sturdy spear :
“ And who are you that dare demand
“ What is my business here ?”

The bear turn'd up his haughty nose
And wink'd his blood-red eye ;
“ Your question, valiant Knight,” said he,
“ Needs question for reply.”

“ But first, as from intruder bold,
“ I now demand of thee,
“ Why dost thou trespass, robber ! here,
“ To rob my honey tree ?”

“ Hath not the earth—hath not the stream,

“ Their treasures essay’d ;

“ That each demand be satisfied

“ When such demand is made ?”

“ And when ye waste and dissipate

“ The power that makes ye strong ;

“ Ye come with recreant steps nor stint

“ To offer nature wrong !”

“ Robber ! the honey trees are mine,

“ Prepare then for the strife ;

“ The treasur’d sweets now lost to me

“ Demand thy worthless life.”

“ Alas !” the suppliant Baron cried,

“ As I’m an honest Knight,

“ I covet not thy honied sweets,

“ Nor question here thy right.

“ But if thou’lt join in my repast,
“ Although ’tis humble fare ;
“ Then welcome be, and welcome sit,
“ And welcome share and share.”

Thereon the Baron op’d his pouch,
And to the Bear reveal’d,
Potatoes which no Irishman
Would wish to have re-peal’d.

“ Potatoes !” quoth the rugged bear,
“ Potatoes ! faith, your nice !
“ Wretch ! think’st thou, thou can’st life redeem
“ At such ignoble price ?

“ Think of thy feastings in thine hall,
“ Thy countless treasures spent ;
“ Think of thy follies past—and then—
“ Repent—fond fool, repent.

“ No ! thou thy life may'st not redeem

“ At such vain price as this ;

“ But yet within thy power remains

“ Thy ransom, and my bliss.

“ Hark, Baron ! thou a daughter fair

“ Hast in thy castle hold ;

“ Annie her name, and for her hand

“ I make an offer bold.

“ Thy loveliest daughter, she must be

“ A bear's affianc'd bride ;

“ Or now beneath my fangs must flow

“ Thy being's blood-red tide.”

“ She shall be thine,” the Baron said,

Oozing at every pore ;

And twenty more he would have given

If he'd had eighteen more.

“ But, my lord Bear, conditions rest
“ Which bridegrooms all esteem ;
“ Come then, and with accustom’d gifts
“ Thy lovely bride redeem.”

“ A bargain ! bargain !” cried the bear ;
“ An hundred weight of gold
“ Shall be upon our wedding feast
“ Into thy coffers told.”

“ Agreed ! agreed !” the Baron said,
“ Your hand !” exclaimed the Bear,
“ And in seven days depend upon’t,
“ Good Baron, I’ll be there.”

Quick as a rail-train when express,
Into the thicket sped
The charmed Bear ; as quickly too,
The Baron to his bed.

SECTION III.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,—
Take any shape. *Macbeth.*

SHOWING THE CONSTERNATION OF THE BARONESS AND HER DAUGHTERS UPON HEARING FROM THE BARON THAT HE HAD SOLD HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER TO A BEAR,—HOW THE BEAR REDEEMED HER IN SEVEN DAYS WITH AN HUNDRED-WEIGHT OF GOLDEN DOUBLOONS,—HOW THE BARON AND BARONESS WASTED THEIR TREASURE FOOLISHLY AS BEFORE,—HOW THEY WERE AGAIN REDUCED TO PENURY,—SHOWING ALSO HOW THE BARON SOUGHT THE FOREST AGAIN, AND ENCOUNTERED A TALKING EAGLE, WHO REMONSTRATED WITH HIM,—HOW THE EAGLE WOULD HAVE SLAIN THE BARON FOR TRESPASS, BUT THAT THE BARON CONSENTED TO GIVE THE EAGLE HIS SECOND DAUGHTER IN MARRIAGE, AND HOW THE BARON RECEIVES TWO GOLDEN EGGS AN HUNDRED-WEIGHT EACH IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS CHILD; AND ALSO SHOWING THE MIRACULOUS MANNER IN WHICH BOTH THE BEAR AND EAGLE FETCHED AWAY THEIR BRIDES,—HOW THE BARON IS IMPRACTICABLE TO EXPERIENCE, WASTES HIS TREASURES, AND GETS AGAIN INTO TROUBLE.

A BEAR that talks, the Baron thought,
Must be some wicked fairy ;
Besides he scarcely seem'd to like
A son-in-law so hairy.

So he resolved his doors to bar,
His castle fortify,
And bid defiance to the fiend
And all his witchery.

Next morning to his wondering spouse
The wond'rous tale was told ;
And wonder'd too those maidens three
At Bear so grim and bold.

But when the gentle Annie heard
The Bear her mate must be ;
She started, shriek'd, then, shuddering, fell
In death-like apathy.

“ My child, my child,” the Baron cried,
“ While there is moat and wall ;
“ While there's a sword, and this good arm,
“ No ill shall thee befall.”

The maiden rent her flowing hair,
Tears dimm'd her azure eyes ;
But all in vain—the seventh day came,
To banish all surprise.

High in the castle keep there sat
The maiden so forlorn ;
The morn was lovely as could be,
She lovelier than the morn.

Hark ! from the forest comes a noise,
'Tis Arthur's chase that comes,
And earth and sky are fill'd with sounds
Like magic lutes and drums.

And horses prance, and bugles bray,
Wheels rattling roll along ;
Till at the Baron's castle gate
Arrays the gallant throng.

The gate springs open in a trice,
Down—down the drawbridge falls ;
There's little virtue now in locks,
Or bolts, or bars, or walls.

From off a blood, cream-coloured barb,
A young Knight vaulting springs ;
And mounts that lofty spiral tower
On love's resistless wings.

Quick as a falcon there he seiz'd
The maid of beauteous charms ;
And bore her to a carriage gay,
Pale, trembling in his arms.

But when she saw a gallant Knight,
Deck'd out in jewels rare ;
Her heart rejoiced to find her love
A Knight—and not a Bear !

The Baron, who was snoring loud,
Awaken'd by the din ;
Just saw his daughter taken out
As he was taken in.

Away—away the chariot roll'd
Which held the lovely fair ;
“ Adieu !” the raving father cried,
“ Thou bride of an old Bear !”

But Annie from the carriage look'd,
To soothe her parent's grief ;
And with her lily hand she wav'd
Her lily handkerchief.

Sad was the Baroness to hear
The grim and dismal tale ;
And, taking first a pinch of snuff,
She next began to wail.

Up to the watch-tower then she sped—

“ My daughter—daughter where,

“ Where hast thou gone ?” she frantic cried,—

“ Ah ! must thou wed a Bear ?”

“ A Bear ! why not ?” a chattering voice

Replied,—“ there’s many a dame,

“ Much like yourself, with Bear for spouse,

“ In every thing but name.”

“ But mourn not, Ladye, take this key,

“ This silver key so bright ;

“ And in four days your lord shall weigh

“ In gold an hundred-weight.”

The Baroness stared around about

The speaker’s form to spy ;

When lo ! from forth the lattice flew

Quaint Mag—a chattering pie !

But on the sill the bird had dropp'd
A glittering silver key ;
And silver keys most ladies know
Dispel much mystery.

For three days mourn'd the Baroness,
The Baron mourn'd likewise :
The fourth day brought an oaken chest
Which gladden'd both their eyes.

The little glittering silver key
Open'd that oaken chest,
And there display'd the bright doubloons
In order pack'd and prest.

Away with grief, away with sighs,
Away with mumps and dumps ;
The Baron's on his legs again,
Once more he stirs his stumps.

Poor Annie is forgotten quite ;

And now again behold

The vanities, and fopperies,

And blandishments of gold.

Chariots and horses now are bought,

And servants hired, so trim ;

And merry guests again crowd in

To fool the Baron's whim.

Women and wine their theme or sport,

Neither would come amiss ;

Then would they toast some neighbouring belle,

Or sing some song like this :—

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

A merry song, and a cheerful trowl,

And let the song go round ;

A brimming cup, and a sparkling bowl,

While mirth and joy abound :

Away with sighs, and to ladies eyes,

We'll drink while a cup is found.

Fill up! fill up, the sparkling cup,
The vine, boys, still for me;
From the crystal cup, let's merrily sup
The blood of the red grape tree;
Away with sighs, and to ladies eyes,
We'll drink from a ruby sea.

The hemlock's juice may be dainty spruce
To hearts oppress'd with care;
But away with woe, and a flag of truce,
Let us show to grim despair:
Away with sighs, and to ladies eyes
We'll drink, nor the goblet spare.

Fill up! fill up, the sparkling cup,
The vine, boys, still for me;
From the crystal cup, let's merrily sup
The blood of the red grape tree;
Away with sighs, and to ladies eyes,
We'll drink from a ruby sea.

Now had the Baron put his gold
To interest out that day,
The chances are just two to one
He might have paid his way.

But principal when on the wane,
Though a full hundred-weight,
With folly as a Seneschal,
Will very soon grow light.

And so the Baron found at last
His costly treasure gone ;
And in the oaken chest remain'd
Of his doubloons—not one !

Credit he sought, and credit stalks
The tempting ghost of debt ;
Until at length stern creditors
His castle gate beset.

Horses and hounds again were sold,
The last resources drain'd ;
'Till nothing but one falcon fierce
To that proud lord remain'd.

He took the bird upon his sleeve
And to the fields he sped ;
“ Fat partridges, and dainty quail,
“ Will serve a meal,” he said.

He cast the falcon in the air,
Away the wild bird flew,
Nor would be lured, although his lord
Thrice the shrill whistle blew.

When suddenly an Eagle huge
From out the forest soar'd ;
And in the falcon's quivering back
His piercing beak was gor'd.

The Baron nimbly rais'd his spear,
The daring bird to slay ;
The Eagle smil'd, and said, “ My Lord,
“ At that game two can play.”

'Then on the spear the Eagle seiz'd,
And snapp'd it like a straw ;
For some must make, and some must break,
There's Lynch as well as Law.

" Audacious wretch," the Eagle said,
" And would'st thou dare presume
" My airy realms to rob ?—prepare,
" Bold man, to meet thy doom !"

" My life !" the Baron cried—" my life !
" Patience, lord Eagle, pray ;
" Ask what ye list, but life is sweet,
" Take not that boon away."

" Agreed !" the savage bird replied,—
" Two lovely daughters thine,
" And since my nest a consort needs,
" Let Emmeline be mine."

“ Two massive balls of virgin gold,
“ Each one an hundred-weight,
Shall pay the purchase of her hand,
“ And our fond hearts unite.”

“ It shall be so,” the Baron said,
“ And Emmeline shall bide,
“ E’en as ye will, and where ye list,
“ The noble Eagle’s bride.”

“ Enough ! enough !” the bird replied,
“ In seven weeks will I come ;
“ To lead my high-born Ladye-love
“ Up, to her Eagle-home.”

Away ! away, the Eagle flew,
The Baron look’d around ;
His spear was splinter’d in his hand,
His falcon on the ground.

“ Alas !” he said, then turn’d his steps
Back to his castle hall ;
“ What varied ills of every kind
“ Improvidence befall.”

’Tis said experience is a stern
Preceptor to the mind ;
But oft his words are vainly urg’d
As in our tale we find.

The Baron’s daughter, Emmeline,
Was beautiful as day ;
Where life, and light, and brightness shine
Upon the flowery way.

And her sweet beauties were enhanc’d
By thrift and industry ;
For skilfully she trimm’d the loom,
And would the bobbins ply.

The Baron, when he saw his child
Upon her work intent,
Bemoan'd her doom, and inwardly
Would her sad fate lament.

But not a single word he breath'd,
For though he loved his dame,
He knew her fingers, like her tongue,
Were always sharp the same.

And so strict silence he maintain'd,
Yet rued the bargain made :
For time is positive—when due,
His debts must all be paid.

Six little weeks soon passed away,
And then six little days :
The seventh day came, and woods and streams
Shone in one lambent blaze.

Upon the lawn fair Emmeline
Had spread her webs to dry ;
She watch'd, when lo ! a troop of horse
And horsemen gallop'd by.

Behind a rose-bush in full bloom
The timid creature crept ;
A young Knight bounded from his steed,
And to the rose-bush stept.

He flung the fragrant blossoms off,
They could not shame her cheek,
And said, " 'Tis you my roseate love,
" 'Tis you alone I seek."

" Come quickly, mount with me, my love,
" My pretty Eagle's bride,
" And in yon vault of azure blue
" With me, my love, abide."

Now Emmeline the youth admir'd,
Her heart went pit-a-pat ;
But there was neither wonderment
Nor novelty in that.

For she had seen the youth before,
When to the castle hall
He came, a welcome guest, to join
The joyous festival.

And youthful hearts will start and leap
When love's first accents speak ;
Then comes the palpitating heart,
Then comes the flushing cheek.

But when she heard her lover say,
“ Come be an Eagle's bride !”
The blood froze in her purple veins,
And stopp'd its ruddy tide.

No time was now for parleying—
No dallying—no delay—
The Knight rais'd up fair Emmeline,
And beckon'd all away.

Away—away, rode Knight and Squire,
Away—away, they rode ;
And in the haunted forest soon
They reach'd the Knight's abode.

Behold him there an Eagle fierce
Perch'd on a lofty tree ;
With Emmeline half dead with fright
And feverish agony.

The Baroness, who missed her child,
Went forth her child to seek ;
But sad forebodings press'd her heart,
Which throb'd well nigh to break.

“ O ! Emmeline, my Emmeline !

“ My loved, lost, peerless maid !

“ Where art thou gone ? my child, my child !

“ By what foul fiend betray’d ?”

She called aloud her daughter’s name,

The Baron shouted too ;

He thought it just as well to join

And keep up the shilloo !

He paced the garden court around,

Then gazed he to the sky ;

Then on the flowery beds, when lo !

What treasure meets his eye ?

Within the rose-bush glittering there

Two golden eggs he spies ;

Two golden eggs, of precious gold,

And of a precious size.

No longer now could be conceal'd
The secret from his spouse ;
Who eagerly began to help
To roll them to the house.

But all the while she stinted not
The Baron to abuse ;
Who wisely held his tongue, because
It framed him no excuse.

But soon was gentle Emmeline
Forgotten at the Hall :
Each day brought forth its gorgeous feast,
Each night a glittering ball.

And gallant Knights and ladies fair
Throng'd to the castle gay ;
Where wealth, and state, and beauty still,
Kept gladsome holiday.

And 'mid the beautiful and fair
In castle, bower, or hall ;
None with young Bertha could compare,
Her charms surpassing all.

And when the haughty Baroness
Gazed on her girlish face,
She sigh'd to think that she remain'd
The last one of her race.

“ Who shall espouse my only child ?
“ Who shall fair Bertha wed ?
“ What house shall grace the ancient line
“ Of Earndolf now ?” she said.

And while she held such long debates,
Her lord kept filing on
The golden eggs, until at length
They both were nearly gone.

Still he rasp'd on with heavy hand
Deeper, still deeper cuts ;
Until the eggs had dwindled to
The size of hazel nuts.

A few days more and these were gone,
And yet a few days more ;
And then the Baron found himself
Deserted, sad, and poor.

And will experience never teach ?
Some are, who ne'er will learn !
And neither stripes nor pleasant words
Can make a fool discern.

O ! Baron bold—O ! Baron proud—
Hadst thou been born a serf,
To plough the glebe, to sow the seed
Or mow the fragrant turf ;

Thou hadst been happier far than now,
And wealthier too—though poor—
For calm content is more than gold,
Though 'tis a countless store.

SECTION IV.

Trincolo. What have we here? a man or a fish?
The Tempest.

Mercutio. O! flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified.
Romeo and Juliet.

HOW THE BARON, WANTING A DINNER, GOES TO SHOOT PARTRIDGES, AND DISCOVERS A LAKE STORED WITH TROUT,—HOW HE THROWS A NET AND GETS A HAUL WHICH HE CANNOT LAND, THE LAKE BEING ENCHANTED WATER,—HOW A HUGE DOLPHIN RISES AND THREATENS TO SWALLOW THE AFFRIGHTED BARON FOR TAKING THE TROUT, WHICH ARE HIS SUBJECTS,—HOW POLITELY THE BARON PLEADS FOR HIS LIFE, AND THE MARVELLOUS CONDITIONS ON WHICH IT IS SPARED: SHOWING ALSO HOW THE FISH, AS A WATER KNIGHT, REDEEMS HIS BRIDE, THE THIRD AND YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE BARON, WITH THREE BUSHELS OF PEARLS,—AND HOW GRIEVOUSLY THE BARONESS LAMENTS THE BARGAIN, AND SCOLDS HER LORD AND MASTER.

THE Baron to his shifts again

By poverty is driven,

With hunger and necessity

His wife and child have striven.

He shoulders now his trusty gun,
The timid covey rise ;
A snap—a bang—a snap—a bang—
Hurra ! for partridge pies.

Two plump young birds are bagg'd at once,
The rest are on the wing ;
“ Another brace,” the Baron said,
“ Will be the very thing.

And so he plodded on his way,
As every sportsman should ;
Until he found himself upon
The margin of the wood.

“ O ! wood !” he said, “ accursed wood !
“ I will not enter thee ;
“ Two of my daughters thou hast had,
“ Thou ne'er shalt have the three !”

“ O ! wood !—O ! vile enchanted wood !

“ Thou most detested place ;

“ Ne’er shall my wandering steps again

“ Thy labyrinths retrace.”

Just as the Baron turn’d away,

His vision chanced to spy

A little lake—a pretty lake,

With bright waves sparkling by.

And in its calm and crystal stream

A thousand speckled trout,

Glancing in gold and crimson hues,

Disported in and out.

He thought upon his boyish days,

His rod, and line, and reel ;

The fly which falls like thistle down,

The rise we scarcely feel ;

We scarcely feel before the fish
Darts startled to his bed ;
As whirls the winch in rapid rounds,
And strains the silken thread.

But in a wave so very bright
Such art no fish may take ;
And rod and fly were useless all
In that translucent lake.

So the next morn the Baron sped
A dish of trout to get ;
But, 'stead of lines, he wisely took,
A large broad casting net.

Among the reeds a little boat
He chanced there to espy ;
And, jumping in, he row'd about
The lake right merrily.

At length he flung his casting net
Around the glittering shoal ;
And never was there fisherman
Had such tremendous haul.

So now he sought the shore to gain,
To land his wondrous prize ;
When all at once, immovable,
The little shallop lies.

The Baron thought the boat aground
And plied with hook and oar :
The more he tugg'd the further he
Receded from the shore.

At length the lake began to swell,
Extending to a sea ;
And mountain billows foam'd and roar'd,
And broke upon his lee.

Then from the waves a fish arose,
With mouth like some abyss ;
And from his jaws a smother'd sound
Came like a crater's whizz.

“ Presumptuous man, how dost thou dare,”
The monster cried—“ to come
“ And trespass o'er my watery realms,
“ And rob my fairy home ?”

The Baron had familiar grown
With chattering bird and beast ;
The fish then caused him no alarm,
He show'd it not at least.

And to the monster thus he spake,—
“ My lord Behemoth, why
“ To me a humble fisherman
“ Your bounteous store deny ?”

“ Should you before my hall appear,
“ My hospitality,
“ From kitchen and from cellar too,
“ Would at your service be.”

“ Stop, stop !” the scaly monster said,
“ More courtesy I desire ;
“ We’ve never yet been introduced
“ As fashion’s laws require.”

“ Should you not stint to break through forms ?
“ Such never is my wish ;
“ And once you’ll say you’ve had to learn
“ Politeness from a fish.”

“ I thank you, lord Behemoth, well,
“ And value all you say ;
“ But if you will not grace my board,
“ I can no more—good day !”

“ Stop, stop !” the scaly monster cried,
“ Such terms we part not on !
“ Think’st thou my subjects thus to kill,
“ And unchastis’d be gone ?”

“ As thou would’st swallow one of these,
“ And think it made for thee ;
“ So shall these huge and hungry jaws
“ Avow, thou’rt made for me.”

“ Thou think’st the little to the great
“ On being’s scale belong ;
“ So now I’ll show you how the weak
“ Are swallow’d by the strong.”

On this he oped his ponderous jaws ;
O ! had they marble been !
But such a ruby gullet ne’er
Before had mortal seen.

“ O! Fish, Fish, Fish,” the Baron shriek’d,

“ What a poor morsel I,

“ A sprat, a shrimp, a winkle—nought

“ For that dread cavity.”

“ Well!” said the Fish, “ if thou art nought,

“ Thou hast a daughter fair ;

“ Give her to me to wive, and then

“ Thy paltry life I’ll spare.”

“ She’s at your service, valiant Fish,

“ Or valiant son-in-law ;

“ And to your heart more welcome be

“ Than I should to your jaw.”

“ In seven months then,” the Fish replied,

“ I’ll come, but I’ve no gold,

“ Or silver bars for marriage prize,

“ In coinage to be told.”

“ But at the bottom of this lake,
“ On banks of coral steep ;
“ A treasury of choicest pearls
“ In amber bowls I keep.”

“ Pearls may be thine, the choicest pearls
“ From out my choicest store :”—
“ Three bushels !” said the Baron bold,
“ I ask, and ask no more !”

“ I’m satisfied !” the Fish replied,
Swelling his mighty frame ;
Then dash’d he through the foaming waves
Much quicker than he came.

But ere he went his flapping tail,
As ’twere some magic oar,
Had whisk’d the boat and Baron back
Upon the reedy shore.

And there the Baron found the trout
For which that morn he'd toil'd ;
And some were fried in olive oil,
And some were plainly boil'd.

O ! little thought young Bertha when
To choose she felt perplexed,
How much of fish her appetite
Would relish of the next.

Time pass'd away,—it ever has,—
What's more, it ever will,—
Nor ever can return ! then seek
Not time to waste nor kill !

For after all Time's but a friend,
Improve it—and you'll find,
As it matures the fruit and grain
It ripens too the mind.

Time pass'd away, seven pleasant months—

When at the castle gate

A gorgeous train of Knights and Squires

Appear'd in gallant state.

The Baroness in doubtful mood

The stately troop beheld ;

But well known faces in the throng

At once her doubts dispell'd.

For when the hall for tournament

And revelry was dight ;

How often came that youth in green,

The sprightly water Knight.

For such the Knight in green was named,

Since at each gathering

He drank no cheerful sparkling wine

But water from the spring.

And Bertha welcomed the young Knight
With smiling sapphirine eyes,
That beam'd as shine at summer's noon,
The pure and cloudless skies.

The Baroness then sought her lord;
But as he knew the day
Had come to clinch the bargain made,
He kept himself away.

And when she to the hall return'd
She found herself alone ;
For Bertha and the water Knight,
And all the guests were gone.

The courts were all deserted round,
No Knight nor Squires were there ;
And then she of the Eagle thought,
And next about the Bear.

And nought was there to cheer her heart
Or give her bosom ease ;
Save that the water Knight had left
Three bushels of dried peas.

“ And have they taken Bertha too ?”
The frantic mother cried,
“ O ! would that ere this last mischance
“ Thy mother, child, had died.”

She smote her breast—she tore her hair,
And might have fainted then ;
But on the bridge she saw her lord
Returning home again.

“ Ah ! woe is me !” she sobbing said,
“ Mine is a life of woe !”
But when the Baron saw the bags
Of pearls, he said—“ Not so !”

For well the Baron knew the bags,
Contain'd a precious store ;
But this time kept his secret well,
Though he had not before.

He show'd the dame the pearly gems,
Each gem drill'd neatly through ;
And all as big as marrow-fats,
And of most brilliant hue.

And when the Baroness survey'd
Each string of costly pearl ;
She thought her child had wed at least
A Baron, or an Earl.

And this consoled her for a while,
And great was her delight ;
To think her bounteous son-in-law
No monster, but a Knight.

Now soon in throngs Jews sought the hall,
The pearls were turn'd to cash ;
Once more the Baroness resolved
To cut a mighty dash.

To which the Baron said, " Dear wife,
" When we have golden store,
" And dainty feasts to give, we find
" The world flocks to the door."

" But when we feast not, and the gold
" And pageantry are gone ;
" The world grows harsh, and stern, and cold,
" And we may starve alone."

" And so, dear wife, we'll husband these
" Rich treasures at command ;
" I'll buy again my castle halls,
" And I'll redeem my land."

Where this resolve, so good, he'd got,
 'Tis difficult to tell ;
Belike it came, because he had
 No other child to sell.

Howbeit, still the Baroness
 Would daily sigh and fret ;
For days pass'd on, and of her child
 She could no tidings get.

At length in hour of dalliance sweet
 Her lord the truth reveal'd ;
How like unto her sister's doom
 Had Bertha's too been seal'd.

“ Alas ! ” said she in agony,
 “ And have I children borne,
“ And live to see them from my arms
 “ By vilest monsters torn ?

“ A savage beast !—a ravenous bird !—

“ Had'st thou not all thy wish ;

“ But thou must poor dear Bertha sell

“ Unto a fiendish fish ?

“ Ah ! what are earthly treasures now ?

“ What now your golden store ?

“ When peace, and hope, and happiness

“ Are banish'd evermore ?”

“ Dear wife !” again the Baron spake,

“ Take comfort yet awhile ;

“ For Hope can cheer a wilderness

“ And make a desert smile.”

Who may a childless mother soothe ?

The Baron found it vain ;

So every time she dropp'd a tear,

The Baron took a drain.

At length she grieved so very much,
That fits of melancholy
Oft made her wish for grim-friend Hein,*
Which Jolly said was folly.

For while there's life, there's surely hope ;
And never was a lane
So long but there was once a turn,
And will have turn again.

END OF BOOK FIRST.

* Friend-Hein, a German name for death.

THE ARM!—THE SWORD!—AND THE HOUR!

OR,

The Legend of the Enchanted Knights.

BOOK II.—SECTION I.

Iago. Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft.
Othello.

SHOWING THE DESPONDENCY OF THE BARONESS,—HOW SHE BE-
WAITS THE LOSS OF HER DAUGHTERS, BUT HOW SHE CHEERS UP
AT THE PROSPECT OF BECOMING A MOTHER,—HOW A MALE CHILD
IS BORN,—HOW IT IS CHRISTENED, AND CALLED “THE CHILD OF
WONDER,”—HOW THAT IN TWENTY YEARS THE CHILD BECOMES
A MAN AND A MOST VALIANT KNIGHT,—HOW HE GOES ON QUEST
IN SEARCH OF HIS LOST SISTERS, AND THE WONDERFUL DISCOVERY
HE MAKES OF HIS ELDEST ONE, WHO IS THE WIFE OF A BEAR,—
SHOWING ALSO SOME CURIOUS AND MAGICAL TRANSFORMATIONS
WHICH WOULD BE EXCEEDINGLY REMARKABLE WERE THEY NOT
FABULOUS.

Now in the ancient castle halls

The Baroness doth pine ;

The Baron he seems awe-struck too,

But drowns his cares in wine.

For what are gold and choicest gems
When peace of mind is gone ?
And childless parents share in grief
Their sad regrets alone ?

Happier the rough rude peasant breathes,
With fondling on his knee,
Than were the Baron and his dame,
'Mid all their revelry.

And when the feast and dance were o'er,
And all the guests had sped,
That ancient lordly castle seem'd
The mansion of the dead.

One evening as the Baroness
Her luckless fate bemoan'd ;
Her waiting-maid, fair Mistress Maude,
Her harp to comfort toned.

POOR HEART OF GRIEF.—THE SONG OF MISTRESS
MAUDE.

Cast off the mantle of cold despair,
Poor heart of grief, and let joy be there;
For a joyful face, and a heart that's bright,
Are earth's reward, and Heaven's delight.

Give tears to sorrow, if tears avail;
And breathe forth sighs, if sighs prevail;
But O! 'tis madness to sigh and fret,
When nothing is left but vain regret.

Banish thy sadness, poor heart of mine,
For yet another sweet star may shine;
The darker the cloud, the brighter the bow,
The higher the mountain, the purer the snow:

Cast off the mantle of cold despair,
Poor heart of grief, and let joy be there;
For a joyful face, and a heart that's bright,
Are earth's reward, and Heaven's delight.

Thus Maude her mistress sought to charm
With cheerful notes of song ;
For music has a balm for grief,
A solace e'en for wrong.

And so the Baroness at length
A cheerful smile essay'd,
When to her loved and noble lord
Confession thus she made :

“ Once more, dear husband mine,” she said,
“ I find myself to be,
“ As all kind husbands, like yourself,
“ Wish loving wives to see.”

Glad was the Baron's ear to hear
Such tiding was in store ;
It came like some returning beam
Upon a sunless shore.

Time soon fulfill'd its wonted course,
As 'twill for grief or joy :
The Baroness presented then
To her proud lord—a boy !

A boy ! a boy ! a son and heir !
Well might the castle ring
With shouts of mirth, to greet and hail
Such stranger's welcoming.

It was indeed a peerless boy,
A bouncing, bright-hair'd lad ;
The eyes of Venus, and the brow
Of god-like Mars he had.

And so they named him Reginald,
The wondrous child ; for he
By Gipsev prophet prophecied
Should a deliverer be.

For, saith the legend of the hall,
A fish,—a bird,—and beast—
Shall overthrow, and be o'erthrown,
The largest by the least.

So said the Baron :—" Reginald
 " Our lost ones shall restore ;
" And hope and joy shall breathe again
 " Where darkness reign'd before."

In twenty years the little child
 Of course became a man ;
And many a daring deed did do,
 And many more did plan.

His knightly sword he girded on,
 And took his trusty shield :
Behold the child of wonder now
 Caparison'd for field.

" For sisters three I'll be revenged,"
 He said,—" nor stint the blade
" Until their ransom I have won ;
 " Or wrong for wrong repaid."

The more his anxious mother sought
His venturous heart to stay ;
The more the noble Baron urged
His valiant son away.

But Reginald had firm resolv'd :
So stout in heart and limb,
At morning's dawn he sought the wood
In gallant knightly trim.

On gaily pranc'd the steed he strode,
Glitter'd his armour bright ;
And from his casque a flowing plume
Gleam'd like a sunbeam's light.

For three long leagues the forest seem'd
As pleasant forest glades :
His path then grew a wilderness
Of rough unsightly shades.

Large trees, up-rooted, spread around
With tangled underwood ;
The lands were marshy, and huge frogs
Croak'd from their homes of mud.

But nothing daunted, Reginald
Resolv'd his quest to keep ;
Though now his steed was useless quite
'Mid paths so rough and steep.

Still his strong arm the thickets hew'd,
He climb'd each bold ascent ;
Unmindful of all dangers round,
Upon his quest intent.

At length he reach'd a beauteous isle,
Bound by a sinuous rill ;
And from the green and flowery plain
Uprose a mighty hill.

On its grey side a grotto op'd
 Its black and ponderous jaw ;
 And at the mouth young Reginald
 A lovely matron saw.

A lovely matron ! Can it be
 Lost Annie that is there ?
 'Tis even so—caressing too,
 A young mis-shapen Bear.

Beside her two rough-hided Cubs
 Were gambolling so gay ;
 Rolling or throwing summersets
 Like Weiland in the play.

Awe-struck the child of wonder seem'd,
 But when he'd gazed awhile
 He knew 'twas Annie bound by charms
 In that enchanted isle.

“ O ! youth,” exclaim’d that lady fair,
“ What evil, spiteful star,
“ Hath led your steps to this vile den ?
“ You know not where you are !”

“ Here dwells a grim and savage Bear,
“ Whose arts may none oppose ;
“ And all of human kind but me
“ He rends as mortal foes.”

“ Fear not !” said Reginald the bold,
“ I know this forest well ;
“ And here am come to slay the beast,
“ And break this mighty spell.”

“ Young Knight !” the lady quick replied,
“ ’Tis not in human arm
“ To quell the grim and savage Bear,
“ Or break the mighty charm.”

Replied the Knight, " I'm Reginald,

" The child of wonder hight,

" The lord of Earndolf is my sire,

" And I'm a true born Knight."

" Three daughters hath my father lost ;

" Three sisters now I seek ;

" Behold your brother then, resolv'd

" The fiendish charm to break.

" Whate'er it be—it must be rent,

" Or Reginald must die !"

" It cannot be ;" poor Annie said,

" Then fly, dear brother, fly !"

But nought could shake the Knight's resolve,

So Annie took his hand ;

And led him to the charm'd grot,

All strew'd with silvery sand.

Beneath a large and sombre vault
Was heap'd a mossy bed ;
On this the Bear and uncouth Cubs
Their hairy noses laid.

With gold-laced damask curtains round,
Immediate, opposite,
There stood an ivory-carved bed
With counterpane as white.

This bed, magnificent and gay,
For Annie was prepared
By magic hands, that neither cost
Nor anxious trouble spared.

Close by, a small black ebony door
Op'd to an inner grot ;
And luckily for Reginald,
Annie the key had got.

“ Here, brother, enter here ;” she said,
“ And here a day remain,
“ And silence keep, or never hope
“ To see bright day again.”

Scarcely had Annie turn'd the key
When the grim, grisly Bear
Enter'd the cavern with a growl,
As scenting foeman there.

His muzzle was all smear'd with blood ;
(Bears are not over nice ;)
For he had found the young Knight's steed,
And slain it in a trice.

When Annie saw the fearful sign,
And found his temper up ;
She tickled first his shaggy ears,
Then ask'd her lord to sup.

“ I scent here human flesh, my love,”

The grim beast growling said ;

“ And I must taste it too, before

“ I go this night to bed.”

“ Beloved Bear ! beloved Bear !”

The Lady meek replied,—

“ You do mistake, for who would here

“ A moment dare to bide ?”

“ I scent here human flesh, my love !”

The Bear growl'd forth again ;

“ And nought of human form may here

“ A living thing remain.”

He snuff'd around, about the bed,

Above, and also under ;

’Tis well the closet had secured

The daring child of wonder.

But there he was, and there he fum'd,
Brought to a dismal pass ;
And he who ne'er had fear'd before
Trembled like trembling grass.

Poor Annie too, began to fear ;
But spite of magic spell,
There's something in the wedding ring
When good wives use them well.

And Bears, like men (some men are Bears,)
May be hen-peck'd sometimes ;
If not, then reason all is gone,
And nought remains but rhymes.

'Twas lucky then for Reginald,
The bear was hen-peck'd quite ;
So Annie kick'd him in the ribs,
Which set his lordship right.

He sneak'd away, and laid him down
To sleep upon the floor ;
And licking first his Cubs he snored,
As only Bears can snore.

Then Annie drew her brother forth,
Cold, cramp'd, and ashey pale ;
And to refresh the daring youth
She gave him cakes and ale.

Into another chamber then
Sir Reginald she led ;
And told him now that he had supp'd
He best had go to bed.

Upon the morrow, Reginald
Arose, when lo ! behold ;
The cave had to a palace turn'd,
Deck'd all in silks and gold.

He thought he dreamt, so pinch'd himself
To see if that would tell ;
But finding he was wide awake
He went and rang the bell.

A liveried lackey in a trice
Made answer to the call ;
And said, " Sir Knight, your sister waits
" Your presence in the hall.

" Arthur, the Bear, her husband too,
" Will to his brother pay
" The rites of hospitality
" This humanized day."

The very name of Bear at first
Gave the young Knight alarm ;
But then he cheer'd himself to think,
He yet might burst the charm.

Then to the hall went Reginald :
Behold the Bear a lord
Of courtly mood, and gentle guise,
To princely state restored.

And Annie by his side is there,
As beautiful as day :
And sweet and lovely children three
Around their parents play.

The gentle Annie rose, and took
Her brother's hand, and led
His timid steps unto her spouse,
And smiling thus she said :

“ Dear husband, to your court I bring
“ A true and valiant Knight ;
“ Sir Reginald, lord Earndolf's son,
“ The child of wonder hight.”

When Arthur heard his gallant guest
Was brother to his spouse ;
He most politely gave the Knight
Full welcome to his house.

With warm fraternal tenderness
Sir Reginald he embrac'd ;
And said such brave and noble Knights
His courtly palace grac'd.

So Reginald his sister kiss'd
Then without more ado ;
Although his nieces were three Bears,
He kiss'd the children too.

And they were merry in the hall,
One day in seven at least.
And now the story turns to tell
How came the Prince a beast.

SECTION II.

Brabantio. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her.
Othello.

SHOWING HOW A TERRIBLE SORCEROR, NAMED ZORNEBOCK, FOR THAT BECAUSE THE GOOD PRINCE RADBOLD REFUSED HIS BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER, HILDEGARDE, TO HIM IN MARRIAGE, SLEW HIM, AND SEIZED HIS CASTLE AND DAUGHTER,—HOW HE ENTRANCED THE DAMSEL, WHOM HE PERMITTED TO AWAKE BUT ONCE IN SEVEN MONTHS TO LISTEN TO HIS ODIOUS PROTESTATIONS,—HOW ON HILDEGARDE'S REFUSING HIS SUIT HE DOOMED HER TO A PERPETUAL SLEEP, TO BE ONLY BROKEN AT THE SORCERER'S DEATH,—AND ALSO HOW HE CHANGED HER THREE BROTHERS, PRINCELY KNIGHTS, PRINCE ARTHUR INTO A BEAR, PRINCE EDGAR INTO AN EAGLE, AND PRINCE UGO INTO A DOLPHIN.

In Servia once there lived a lord,

A sort of Palatine ;

But how he lived, or whence he came,

No mortal could divine.

In stature he was six foot six,
And in his barrel head
His eyes a squint, sunk deep, and grey,
Like bullets made of lead.

A chromy beard, huge whiskers eke,
Flow'd from beneath his ears,
Which seem'd to court, and yet defy
Both barber and his shears.

And 'twixt his cheeks, so red and plump,
Like an oak-apple rose
A livid tubercle, which served
The purpose of a nose.

His head was bald, his forehead low,
With crown so very flat,
That he would wear a large broad-brimm'd,
But very low-crown'd hat.

A tunic of a blood-red dye
Conceal'd the knock-a-knee :
O ! such a brute as Zornëbock
You ne'er need wish to see.

He held a strong and ancient hold,
And kept up gallant state ;
And unknown Knights from distant lands
Throng'd to his castle gate.

'Twas said dread tournaments were held
At midnight's blackest hour ;
And then would blaze the beacon's light
From many a lofty tower.

But ere the dawn in suit of grey
Had glimmer'd in the east,
The fires were quench'd—the Knights were gone ;
Away went fight and feast.

A huge dark pile of towers was seen
 Unsightly, massive, cold ;
Which gleam'd not though the sun shone bright,
 And rob'd the earth in gold.

Some said, a fiend was Zornëbock,
 Some thought him Knight bewitch'd ;
So on the pegs of doubts and fears
 Their strange mis-givings hitch'd.

Yet bold eyes quail'd beneath his glance,
 The bold heart trembled too ;
But where ? the legend telleth not ;
 Most likely in its shoe.

On a domain adjacent there
 Liv'd one, Prince Pomeran ;
A very valiant Knight was he,
 And a good sort of man.

He gave grand dinners, balls, and masques ;
His bankers held assets ;
And every Monday regular
He paid his weekly debts.

Three sons had Radbold Pomeran,
A daughter too had he ;
Knowle's would have term'd her " beautiful,"
Perhaps " exceedingly."

Prince Zornëbock saw Hildegarde
One morn upon a ride ;
And from that moment he resolv'd
To claim her for his bride.

The " Beautiful exceedingly !"
Disdain'd the proffer'd suit :
And said her choice, when made, should be
A man, and not a brute.

This vex'd the fiendish Zornëbock,

And put him in a rage.

“ A never ending war,” said he,

“ With Pomeran I'll wage.”

He marshall'd forth his elfin Knights,

Each on an elfin steed ;

To win the young and beautiful,

Or make the old one bleed. `

Poor Radbold found the odds not his

When meeting on the plain ;

For one fierce thrust from Zornëbock

Left Radbold with the slain.

“ Stop—stop the fight,” cried Zornëbock,

“ Spare Knight, and Squire, and man ;

“ For now is valiant Zornëbock

“ The lord of Pomeran.”

Dead Radbold's castle then he seiz'd,
And seiz'd his daughter too :
To seize is not the wisest way,
For those who wish to woo.

And so discover'd Zornëbock
When Hildegarde he'd won :
Though in her teens yet was not she
So easily to be done.

The fiend next tried his magic arts ;
And in a cavern deep
He flung the maid, and bade her take
A long seven months of sleep.

When full seven months had pass'd away
He sought the cavern door ;
And 'cause she frown'd he bade her sleep
Again for seven months more.

So he went on soliciting

Her hand, but all in vain ;

Her answer, “ No !” but made him say

“ Then sleep, and snore again.”

“ But hark !” said he “ thy brothers three

“ By magic art I’ll change ;

“ From human shape to monstrous forms,

“ Savage, and wild, and strange.”

“ Six days in seven shall Arthur be

“ A grim and grisly Bear ;

“ A wild rank forest for a home,

“ A cavern for his lair.”

“ Six weeks in seven shall Edgar range

“ An Eagle fierce and fell ;

“ The lowering welkin be his realm,

“ ’Mid branches let him dwell.”

“ Six months in seven shall Ufo pass
“ Beneath the rolling deep ;
“ Into a vile and monstrous fish
“ His manly form shall creep.”

“ And ’till some magic charm be wrought,
“ More potent than is ours ;
“ It is decreed that each must yield
“ To Demagorgon’s powers.”

“ Such is our elfin law, and such
“ Must elfin law remain,
“ Until thou weddest Zornëbock,
“ Or Zornëbock be slain.”

Poor Hildegard sleeps in her cave
To wake one month in seven :
Into the wood, the air, and sea,
Her brothers three are driven.

And Zornëbock, a tyrant fierce,
Controls each destiny :
But there must come an end at last
To wrong, though strong it be.

The evil weed which grows apace
The soonest fades and dies ;
In beauty and in strength, the oak
Out-braveth centuries.

So will the upright and the just
Maintain a noble sway ;
When worthlessness, and cruelty,
And tyrants pass away.

SECTION III.

Prospero. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage.

The Tempest.

SHOWING HOW SIR REGINALD, THE "CHILD OF WONDER," IS ENTERTAINED BY PRINCE ARTHUR ON THE DAY OF HIS TRANSFORMATION, AND PRESENTS HIM WITH A VERY CURIOUS GIFT.

IN Arthur's princely court are seen
The beautiful and fair ;
But none in worth or loveliness
With Annie can compare.

And 'mid the noble, bold, and brave,
With Arthur none can mate ;
Though sorrow sits upon his brow
And mocks his princely state.

The feast is over. Arthur's Knights,
His wife, and guests are gone ;
And with the " child of wonder " he
Seeks conference alone.

" Ah ! brother dear," he sorrowing said,
" Mine is a grievous lot ;
" The victim I of some unknown
" But powerful fiendish plot."

" One day in seven behold me then
" A Prince of knightly fame ;
" The other six I am a brute,
" In action, form, and name.

" My Knights and Squires you've seen to-day,
" To-morrow's dawn will change
" To badgers, otters, rats, and beasts
" Most villainous and strange."

“ The ladies of my household too,
“ So beautiful and fair,
“ Will be transform’d to bats and owls,
“ Myself into a Bear.”

“ My chariots will be shells of nuts,
“ My horses, ants ;—my house
“ Into a dismal rock will turn ;
“ My cook into a mouse.”

“ Yon fountains now so pure and fresh
“ In muddy pools will lie ;
“ And murky clouds of gray o’erspread
“ Yon bright cerulean sky.”

“ It was, Sir Knight, one day like this,
“ I sought your castle gate ;
“ And having bargain’d for my bride,
Redeem’d my lovely mate.”

“ At first she mourn’d her heavy chance,
“ At first in secret pin’d ;
“ But now you see she’s reconcil’d
“ And to her fate resign’d.”

“ For yet methinks the fiendish charm
“ Which holds me in its thrall,
“ May soon be rent, and Arthur rule
“ Once more in princely hall.”

“ T’wenty-one years have now claps’d
“ Since Annie came my bride,
“ But yet her charms and loveliness
“ You see with her abide.”

“ For elfin skill, though dread its power,
“ Still yields to nature’s laws ;
“ And neither sprites, nor rhymes can make
“ Effect, without a cause.”

“ And thus when elfin power withdraws

“ Mortals, from mortal kind ;

“ Time always stops the running sand,

“ And throws his scythe behind.”

“ The fairy world marks not the hour ;

“ Moments eternal stay ;

“ A day's a month, a month's a year,

“ A year is but a day.”

“ And twenty years may be compress'd

“ Into a minute's span ;

“ As Mecca's seer through boundless space

“ In one brief moment ran.”

“ Then let us trust, brave Reginald,

“ The happy hour will come,

“ And see me to my state restor'd—

“ Your sister to her home.”

“ For I have yet two brothers young,
“ Two brothers bold and true ;
“ Go then and try what three good swords
“ And three good hearts may do.”

“ But I must tell thee, Reginald,
“ The spell hath wond’rous charm ;
“ Who rends it must have heart upright,
“ A free and guileless arm.”

’Tis very well to think, and plan,
To dream, to hope, or wish !
He knew not Edgar was a bird,
And Ufo but a fish.

And Reginald his counsel kept,
Unwilling to deceive ;
Well wishing too his brother should
In cheerful hope believe.

The hours past on, when Arthur rose

Distracted from his seat :

“ My brother bold, my hour draws near,”

He said, “ You must retreat.”

“ In twenty minutes more will come

“ The great and mighty change ;

“ And things now rich and beautiful

“ Will frightful be, and strange.”

“ In me the instinct of the Bear,

“ Brutal and fierce will be ;

“ And I should spill your life's red blood

“ Although so dear to me.”

“ Then leave me, Reginald, before

“ My savage mood comes on ;”

And then he sternly urg'd the Knight

To harness, and be gone.

“ Alas !” said Reginald, “ whate’er
“ Of evil may betide ;
“ O ! suffer me as still with friends
“ And relatives to abide.”

“ It may not be,” Prince Arthur said,
“ Too powerful is the spell ;
“ And none but Annie for a day
“ Beneath the charm may dwell.”

With earnest exhortations he
So movingly appeal’d ;
That Reginald saw, if he stay’d,
His own fate might be seal’d.

And so he kiss’d his sister’s cheek,
And press’d the Prince’s hand :
“ I go,” said he, “ but I’ll return
“ And bring my chosen band.”

“ Whate’er the charm, this arm shall rend
“ The magic veil in twain ;
“ And I’ll restore you to your halls
“ And happiness again.”

Again the brothers then embrac’d,
When princely Arthur took
From out his vest, a very small
And red morocco book.

“ This little book, “ said he, “ contains
“ Three brown and single hairs ;
“ Do not despise the gift, because
“ They once have been a Bear’s.”

“ In token of your journey here,
“ They’ll ever bring to mind
“ Those who must ever love, and you
“ Leave evermore behind.”

“ But,” added Arthur earnestly,
“ If ever aid you need,
“ Rub these three hairs and you will find
“ ’Twill come to you with speed.”

“ Adieu, my brother !” and “ Adieu !”
Sir Reginald replied ;
Five minutes more, and Reginald
Was in the forest wide.

A phaeton drawn by six black steeds
Bore him in state along ;
Servants and horsemen round him rode,
A brave and gallant throng.

The silvery stars were glittering bright,
The moon was on the wane ;
Away the magic chariot roll’d
Through forest, wild and plain.

At length the neighing steeds were stay'd,
When a young squire drew nigh ;
And said, " Sir Knight, our parting's here,
" And we must say, good bye !"

" Farewell," said Reginald, " farewell !
" And all *good saints* protect"—
Those words !—what magic words are those
That have such strange effect ?

The chariot's now a poor nut shell,
The coal black steeds are gone ;
And six black ants, up t'wards their hill
That shell are dragging on.

And round them throng an hundred more,
Some red, some white, some gray,
And these were Knights and Squires, so plum'd
And marshall'd yesterday.

Sir Reginald now felt how true
Prince Arthur's words had been ;
And wonder'd much at what he'd heard,
But more at what he'd seen.

He turn'd his steps from that ant hill,
And as he turn'd took care,
Not to destroy a single ant,
Well knowing what they were.

But Reginald was ever kind,
He would not hurt a worm ;
For he detested cruelty
In every shape and form.

“ I would not enter on my list
“ Of friends” the Poet sings,
The man who wilfully would put
His foot on meaner things.

For “ polish’d manners, and fine sense,”
We abrogate, when we
By cruel words, or acts, forget
Sweet works of charity.

The gentle heart, ’tis said, is known
By gentle deeds, and kind :
So gentle thoughts exalt the soul
And purify the mind.

SECTION IV.

Flavius. These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch.

Julius Cæsar.

SHOWING HOW THE "CHILD OF WONDER" PROCEEDS IN SEARCH OF HIS SECOND SISTER, AND FINDS HER IN AN EAGLE'S NEST, AN EAGLE'S BRIDE,—HOW HE IS RECEIVED BY THE LOVELY EMME-LINE, AND PRINCE EDGAR, THE EAGLE; ALSO THE WONDERFUL REVELATIONS MADE BY EDGAR, WHO PRESENTS SIR REGINALD WITH A REMARKABLE GIFT;—HOW THE "CHILD OF WONDER" IS INDUCED FURTHER TO GO IN SEARCH OF HIS YOUNGEST SISTER BERTHA,—HOW HE DREAMS, AND THEN DISCOURSES WITH ENCHANTED FISHES, AND AFTERWARDS VAULTS DOWN A GLASS CHIMNEY IN THE MIDDLE OF A MAGIC LAKE, AT THE BOTTOM OF WHICH HE DISCOVERS BERTHA, THE BRIDE OF PRINCE UFO, THE DOLPHIN; ALSO OF THE MARVELLOUS TRANSFORMATIONS OF UFO, AND HOW HE PRESENTS THE "CHILD OF WONDER" WITH ANOTHER WONDERFUL GIFT, JUST AS WONDERFUL AS THE FORMER TWO.

THAT night the "child of wonder" slept
Beneath a gnarled oak ;
His pillow was a mossy bank,
His counterpane his cloak.

A glow-worm serv'd him for a lamp,
His thoughts supplied a book ;
His lullaby the melody,
Which murmur'd from the brook.

And when the east in rosy red
And opal hue was drest,
Sir Reginald his armour brac'd
To follow on his quest.

And murmuring to himself he said,
“ Although my power be vain
“ To break the spell, yet I must see
“ My sister once again.”

His reverie was sad and short ;
A loud and rustling sound
Of huge wings cleaving the clear air
He heard above—around !

And looking up he saw a bird,
Of mighty bulk, descend
Upon an oak whose leafy arms
Might o'er three rods extend.

“ The Eagle !” quoth Sir Reginald,
“ Then Emmeline is here :”
And so behind some shrubs he crept
Which spread a shelter near.

For seven long hours he watch'd the tree :
At noon the bird arose,
And off in search of sport, or prey,
The magic Eagle goes.

Scarce were his big wings out of sight,
When Reginald crept out
His hiding place, and cautiously
He ey'd him round about.

Then to the foot of that oak tree

He stept and whispering said :

“ O ! Emmeline, my sister dear,

“ Hast thou been hither led.”

“ O ! dost thou in this tree abide ?

“ Speak ! speak, my sister, speak !

“ I come, your brother Reginald,

“ A sister dear to seek.”

A sweet, a soft, a gentle voice,

As from a cloud on high,

Fell in soft cadence on his ears,

Seraphic melody.

“ If thou art Reginald,” it said,

“ Ascend this hated tree ;

“ And from a hideous Eagle’s fangs

“ A sorrowing sister free.”

The Knight attempted the ascent,
But found his labour vain ;
For soon as he had fix'd one foot
The other slipt again.

His sister saw his efforts fail ;
With fiends they could not cope ;
So, Juliet like, she lower'd him down
A ladder made of rope.

Right merrily Sir Reginald
Mounted the lofty tree ;
And there he found an Eagle's nest
Hous'd in a balcony.

Beneath a canopy reclin'd
The beauteous Emmeline ;
Still busy with her silken webs
And lace of rare design.

Upon her lap an Eagle's egg
With fondest care was laid ;
And all around her handi-works
'Mid moss and twigs display'd.

“ Alas !” said Emmeline, “ what chance,
“ Hath brought you, brother, here ?
“ Know'st thou not danger ?—nor my fate ?
“ Or hast thy heart no fear ?”

“ My husband is an Eagle fierce,
“ When human forms he spies ;
“ He rends their flesh, plucks out their hearts,
“ And teareth out their eyes.”

“ This did he do but yesterday
“ To gallant horsemen three ;
“ Three knights our father Earndolf sent
“ To seek, and follow thee.”

“ Six weeks in seven upon him lies
“ The vile enchanter’s spell :
“ But on the seventh he’s wise and kind,
“ And would receive you well.”

“ So hide, dear Reginald, to-day ;
“ To-morrow you will see,
“ When he’s transform’d to what he was,
“ How noble he can be.”

“ See’st yonder old and wither’d pine ?
“ Within its hollow trunk,
“ Go hide thee, and as silent be
“ As some ascetic monk.”

“ But do not, as you value life,
“ Expose yourself to view ;
“ For should his eyes detect you there,
“ I’d rather not be you.”

“ Let but to-morrow dawn, and then,
“ Dear brother, you’re secure :
“ So for one night, such lodgment strange,
“ For me, you must endure.”

Down ! down again the ladder drops,
Down ! down the bold Knight steals ;
And squeezing in the hollow trunk
He hides him, head and heels.

’Twas well that Emmeline before
Had ask’d the Knight to dine ;
’Twas well that Reginald partook
So freely of the wine.

The chances were to other Knight
Not half so stout or bold ;
He might by keeping such a watch
Have caught a serious cold.

At dawn Sir Reginald peep'd out,
But what was his surprise,
To see where sprang the monster oak
A monster palace rise.

The russet forest had become
A bright and verdant lawn ;
The knotted, gnarled, withering stumps
To evergreens had grown.

Fountains were throwing cooling jets
Into a summer sky ;
And on each branching spray, bright birds
Were chaunting merrily.

The hollow, wither'd pine became
A green and lovely bower,
Spread o'er with Jess'mine, Eglantine,
And every scented flower.

And on the lawn a feast was spread
Of every dainty known ;
And crystal cups, and silver bowls,
In rich profusion shone.

And nimbly danc'd the ladies fair,
The Knights danc'd gaily too ;
And Emmeline all joyous seem'd,
And Edgar merry grew.

And as they laugh'd, and jok'd, and drank,
And merrily they danc'd,
The " child of wonder," from the bow'r,
In knightly guise advanc'd.

First greeted him, fair Emmeline,
Then to her husband she
Presented Reginald, who bent
At once his knightly knee.

And Reginald was welcome there,
They gave him of the best ;
Perhaps it was because he was
Their only mortal guest.

Hilarity and sport must end ;
The boy that always plays
Will never be a wise-man made,
Nor win bright honor's bays.

Unbend the bow, relax the mind,
Both strengthen by repose ;
But in ignoble ease will both
Their spring elastic lose.

The evening came—the sports were stay'd—
Prince Edgar then caress'd
His brother Reginald, and thus
The gallant Knight address'd :

“ Brother ! before we part to-night
“ A conference we must hold ;
“ For much, and all of these strange sights
“ Must to your ears be told.”

And so they sought a private room,
The Prince’s private study ;
And there they chatted half the night,
And got a little muddy,

And there Prince Edgar told his tale ;
How when the seventh week came
He was no Eagle, but a Knight
Of lineage good, and fame.

How that himself had charmed been,
His brothers both, beside
By Zornëbock a fiendish Prince :
How too, he’d won his bride.

He told him all the marvels strange
Which to his state belong'd ;
And how his miseries might have end,
Or how might be prolong'd.

The “ child of wonder” soon perceiv'd
Which way the cat would jump ;
So with his fist the table gave
A most tremendous thump.

“ I’ve heard Prince Arthur’s tale,” he said,
“ Thine is the marrow to’t :
“ By Hercules I’ll slay the fiend,
“ This very day I’ll do’t.”

“ Patience ! brave Knight,” the Prince replied,
“ The time’s not yet mature ;
“ Risk not uncertain odds, but wait
“ And make your bargain sure.”

“ Stay here with us for six days more
“ And thou must then begone ;
“ For Edgar then inhumaniz’d
“ Must mount his Eagle throne.”

Seven pleasant days did Reginald
Enjoy the dance and feast ;
Upon the seventh the mimes were gone,
All revelry had ceas’d.

“ Good Reginald,” spoke Edgar then,
“ Before thou’rt hence away ;
“ Some chary words in council grave
“ Time beckons me to say.”

“ First, for your love and friendship thanks ;
“ But think no more to win
“ Th’ Enchanter’s spell, or break the charm
“ That binds your luckless kin.”

“ He, who the trial undertakes,
“ Must pay his precious life
“ If that he fail ; then, brother dear,
“ Abandon thou the strife.”

“ Thy soul is noble, but thy hand
“ Unequal to the deed ;
“ And it would break thy sister’s heart
“ If in our cause you bleed.”

“ And I must tell thee, Reginald,
“ The spell hath potent aid ;
“ Who rends it must have upright heart,
“ A true and stainless blade.”

Once more the brothers then embrac’d,
When princely Edgar drew
From out his vest a little case
Of bright and silvery hue.

124 " THEN ANOTHER FLEW OUT."

" This little case," he said, " contains
 " Three feathers from my breast ;
" Do not despise the gift, because
 " They once an Eagle drest."

" But," added Edgar, eagerly,
 " When danger lifts her hand
" Rub but these feathers, and you'll find
 " There's succour at command."

" Adieu ! my brother ! and adieu !"
 " Said Reginald the bold ;
Then kissing lovely Emmeline
 He left the castle hold.

And as he pass'd the grated gate
 And pass'd the draw-bridge o'er,
It closed with a terrific crash
 Like to the thunder's roar.

Under a lime tree, Reginald
Sat down awhile to think :
And thinking very long, at last
The Knight began to wink.

And winking long, and thinking too,
On things abstruse and deep,
(Say nothing of the cups of sack,)
The Knight fell fast asleep.

And having slept for six long hours,
It may not wond'rous seem,
Maugre the night-mare, that the Knight
Might "sleep, perchance to dream."

He thought—he wink'd—he slept—he snor'd—
He dreamt—and dreams they say,
If dreamt when crows proud chanticleer
Have verity, and sway.

SIR REGINALD'S DREAM.

He dreamt he wander'd near a spot
Where three broad rivers met ;
Of brilliant colours were the waves,
White, yellow, violet.

And in a wide and sparkling stream
They were commingling seen ;
And spread one mass of liquid light,
A pure transparent green.

Amid the waves a little isle
Of verdant shrubs arose ;
And o'er a marble altar flung
Their sweet ambrosial boughs.

He dreamt he dash'd into the waves
Which sever'd for awhile ;
And lo ! he walk'd dry shod, on gems,
On to the beauteous isle.

Upon the altar there he saw
A two-edg'd sword engrav'd :
“ By this,” the legend said, “ shall three
“ From elfin thrall be sav'd.”

“ My brothers ! ah !” said Reginald,
And rush'd to seize the blade ;
It vanish'd, and the altar chang'd,
And other words display'd.

“ These rivers three are sisters three,
“ Whose varied fortunes run,
“ Through tortuous channels yet to be
“ United into one.”

“ Awake ! Sir Knight, awake, awake ! ”
Whisper'd a gentle voice ;
“ Awake, Sir Knight ! awake, and bid
“ Those aching hearts rejoice.”

Broken the dream, the Knight awoke,
But in a misty cloud
He seem'd envelop'd, like a corpse
Within its snowy shroud.

The sun suck'd up the vapourous veil,
And Reginald then found;
That he was perch'd upon a rock
Where all was bleak around.

The Palace halls and parks were gone,
And dreadful fright was his,
When at his feet he saw a deep,
Wide yawning, dark abyss.

He scrambl'd up with cautious step
Along the rocky side ;
Until he reach'd the mountain's top,
Whence a small lake he spied.

And then he thought that Bertha there
By some perchance might dwell ;
So wending to the lake, he made
Its banks as evening fell.

O'ercome and faint with long fatigue
He sat him 'neath a tree ;
And with his wallet, amply stor'd,
He made a little free.

And having filled a flask of wine
He sought the water's edge ;
And to his youngest sister's health
He gave an earnest pledge.

“ O ! Bertha dear,” said he, “ if you
“ Within these waves abide ;
“ I come the fiendish spell to break
“ And disenchant the tide.”

No answer from the waters came ;
But sundry little trout,
With gold and crimson speckl'd sides,
Disported in and out.

“ O ! you dear fishes,” said the Knight,
“ You darling fishes, tell
“ Your mistress that Sir Reginald
“ Doth hope to find her well.

“ And that her brother fain would see
“ The villa sub-marine,
“ Of which he's heard his sister dear
“ Is now the matchless queen.

Each fish then wink'd his little eye,
And wagg'd his little tail ;
And so he pelted them with stones,
Since words could not prevail.

This trick at school the Knight had learnt
From some quaint fable old,
Which has from Æsop, or from Gay,
Been very often told.

But flinty stones he found no harm,
And honied words no good ;
So like a valiant Knight he plung'd
Into the sparkling flood.

And there he swam, and swam about,
Just like a lily duck ;
Depending on discretion nought,
But all upon his luck.

At length he saw a crystal spire
From out the waters rise ;
'Twas hollow like a chimney pot,
But of a monstrous size.

He first look'd down the crystal tube,
And seeing all was clear,
He mounted up, then scrambl'd down,
His own brave pioneer.

He found the glassy chimney led
Into a chamber straight,
Where the long-lost, lov'd Bertha sat
In pomp and princely state.

But when she saw the Knight's arm'd legs
Come down the chimney first,
Into a fit of laughter loud
The merry Bertha burst.

“ And who art thou ?” the laughing fair
 In cheerful accents said ;
 “ I’m Reginald,” the Knight replied,
 “ Here to your rescue led.”

Her brother bold, fair Bertha knew,
 Since from her lord she’d heard,
 How he’d been welcom’d by the beast,
 How feasted by the bird.

Still Bertha was a timid soul,
 So bade the Knight begone ;
 And, kissing Reginald, she said,
 “ O ! leave me, dear, alone.”

“ Though brother Bear will not devour
 “ Your young and daring heart :
 “ Though brother Eagle spares your eyes,
 “ And bids you safe depart :”

“ Ufo has no such tender qualms,
“ He’ll break this crystal hall ;
“ I shall be drown’d, and you, alas !
“ Into his jaws must fall.”

“ Fear not !” said Reginald, “ I know
“ His transformation’s nigh ;
“ So hide me, Bertha, since from hence
“ Alone I will not fly.”

“ Where can I hide you, brother, dear ?
“ This mansion as you see ;
“ Is one huge mass of crystal bright,
“ Transparent as may be.”

“ And round and round its walls the fish
“ Incessantly doth roar ,
“ To see that neither friends nor aid
“ To my deliverance come.”

“ O ! is there not a single spot,
“ Impervious to the sight ?”
Said Reginald, when Bertha’s eyes
Sparkl’d with dear delight.

“ O ! yes,” she said, “ methinks there is
“ A cellarage built for wood,
“ To keep our firing faggots dry
“ From moisture and the flood.”

So in the fuel-room she turn’d
Her brother, as she said,
“ Breathe but a word, and I’ll not be
“ The surety for your head.”

Into the wood-house crept the Knight,
She scarce had squeez’d him in
When Ufo round the crystal hall,
Kick’d up a precious din.

He rais'd his fins, he whisk'd his tail,
And with his nostrils wide,
Ejected what he'd swallow'd first
Of that enchanted tide.

The waters foam'd, the waters boil'd ;
For Ufo, jealous grown,
Suspected Bertha, so he gave
His pretty wife a frown.

Yet still he lov'd her very much,
And lov'd to gaze upon her ;
And though she question'd not his taste,
He thought he would her honour.

“ Bertha !” said he, “ methinks I saw
“ A young Knight swimming by !”
Bertha could not deny the fact,
So she began to cry.

And “ woman’s tears produc’d at will,”
Gain sometimes what they wish ;
And in the present case they sooth’d
The anger of a fish.

When Ufo saw the trickling tear
His heart relented quite ;
“ Weep not, dear love !” he fondly said,
Then darted out of sight.

For three long days did Reginald
Within the woodhouse dwell ;
The fourth day wrought a wond’rous change
To crystal hall and cell.

A kingly palace then appear’d
Upon a sun-lit isle ;
And nature in her brightest robes
Was seen around to smile.

And other islands crowded round,
Cover'd with shrubs and trees,
And gilded barques around them moved
Without a tide or breeze.

For elfin ships move on like steam,
Both against wind and tide ;
Or in a rough tempestuous sea
May safe at anchor ride.

And such was Ufo's charm'd domain,
A pretty portraiture ;
Just fancy Venice, how 'twould look
If shown in miniature.

When Ufo saw Sir Reginald
He took him by the hand ;
And said :—" Dear brother, welcome be
" To this, our pleasant land."

“ But to a brief and little month
“ Be limited your stay,
“ For then your safety will demand,
“ That you must hence away.”

“ Six months in seven a magic spell
“ Works on my mortal frame,
“ And then I am a fiendish fish
“ In deeds, as well as name.”

“ What is the spell ?” said Reginald,
“ That spell I must destroy !”
Ufo was pleas’d, but only smil’d
Upon the daring boy.

“ O ! tell me, Ufo, brother dear ;”
Again the young Knight spoke ;
“ What is this spell which binds you here
“ Like Milo to his oak.”

Then Ufo told, how Zornëbock
By wond'rous charms had wrought
His magic work, and into thrall
Himself and brothers brought.

How Hildegarde was laid entranc'd
In some enchanted cave,
To yield unto his foul embrace,
Or fill a living grave.

“ But,” said Prince Ufo, “ cast away
“ Despair’s cold mantle now,
“ For since ’tis festival in hall
“ We must be merry too.”

“ Come join the feast, and then the dance,
“ And let us all be gay ;
“ Four pleasant weeks, a little month,
“ Will pass too soon away !”

'Tis mirth in palace, and in field,
On water, and on shore ;
Such revelry upon those isles
Had ne'er been known before.

For Ufo by some chance divin'd
How Reginald the brave
Had dared the forest, and resolved
To dare th' enchanted wave.

Pass'd on three weeks in merriest guise
In feast, and dance, and song ;
The fourth had come, that also too
Was passing quick along.

When Ufo said to Reginald ;
“ Dear brother, soon must end
“ The festive hour, and we must cease
“ To meet as friend meets friend.”

“ But yesterday I sought your hall
“ And saw Lord Earndolf there,
“ Your mother too ; and both are lost
“ In sorrow and despair.”

“ Return thee home, brave Reginald,
“ And seek to comfort those
“ Who but for thee must share in grief
“ An over-weight of woes.”

“ Your sisters three may none redeem,
“ No solace may they have :
“ Let not your parents then go down
“ In sorrow to the grave.”

“ For none our magic chains may break ;
“ The spell hath potent power ;
“ Who rends it, must be pure, and watch
“ Unceasingly,—THE HOUR !

“ There needeth then *the unstain'd blade*,
“ And, *the unflinching arm* ;
“ But it must be an upright heart
“ To which must yield the charm.”

As Reginald with Ufo now
Had been three weeks and more ;
He something heard, and something learnt
More serious than before.

“ To break the spell,” he said, “ requires
“ An upright heart, and pure ;
“ But more than this the fiend demands
“ To make the conquest sure.”

“ There must be an unflinching arm,”
“ That's mine !” the young Knight said ;
“ And there must be a stainless sword !
“ Mine's an unspotted blade.”

“ Then I must watch unceasingly ;
“ How strange these mysteries seem ?”
Then thought he of the rivers three,
His sisters, and his dream.

As thus absorb'd in reverie
Once more Prince Ufo spake ;
“ Come, Reginald, my brother dear,
“ From dreaming, boy, awake !”

“ And bid farewell, to Bertha there,
“ While yet *the Hour* is thine ;
“ I cannot promise half as much,
“ Whene'er *the Hour* is mine.”

Again the brothers then embrac'd ;
When Ufo gave the Knight
A little box, cut from a clear,
And perfect crysolite.

“ This little box,” said he, “ contains

“ Three scales, white, yellow, blue ;

“ Do not disdain the gift, because

“ A fish once own’d them too.”

“ Then,” added Ufo, seriously,

“ When danger threatens nigh ;

“ Rub but these scales, and you will find

“ Your truest friend is by.”

“ Adieu ! my brother !” and “ Adieu !”

Said Reginald, while tears

Furrow’d the young Knight’s cheeks, for now

Doubt had confirm’d his fears.

Into a gilded gondola

He slowly, sadly stept ;

And weary, and oppressed with grief,

The youthful hero slept.

Two gondoliers row'd on—row'd on—
Row'd on two gondoliers ;
And sang and chaunted merrily,
Unheard by mortal ears.

When lo ! 'mid mist, the palaces,
The isles, and gardens fair,
Had mingl'd ; as Will. Shakespere says,
And “ melted into air.”

Upon the margin of the lake
Was Reginald once more ;
Precisely on the very spot
Where he had stood before.

And there he found his armour bright,
His shield and trusty spear ;
E'en just, as when four weeks ago
The Knight had left them there.

Upon the ground knelt Reginald,
And made a solemn vow,
But what it was, we will not stop
To sing about it now.

For vows are very solemn things ;
Fearful ! when rashly made :
Remember Jephtha ! if thou would'st
Not find thy heart betray'd.

The spoken word can none recal ;
Then give thy thoughts due weight,
The better chance there'll be to find
“ Whatever IS—is RIGHT !”

THE ARM!—THE SWORD!—AND THE HOUR!

OR,

The Legend of the Enchanted Knights.

BOOK III.—SECTION I.

Prospero. How's the day?

Ariel. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

The Tempest.

SHOWING HOW SIR REGINALD, THE DAUNTLESS, PURSUED HIS QUEST
—RESOLVED TO BREAK THE ENCHANTER'S SPELL, OR DIE!—HOW
HE DISCOVERED THE MAGIC CAVERN, WHICH WAS GUARDED BY A
MAGIC BULL,—HOW HE ENCOUNTED THE BULL, WHO THREW
HIM INTO A PEAR TREE,—AND HOW HE MUST HAVE BEEN
THROWN DOWN AGAIN AND SLAIN HAD HE NOT BETHOUGHT HIM
OF HIS THREE WONDERFUL BROTHERS' THREE WONDERFUL
GIFTS,—HOW HE FULFILLED THEIR INJUNCTIONS, AND THE JOY-
FUL RESULTS OF SUCH FAITH, LEADING TO THE OVERTHROW OF
TRANSGRESSION AND WRONG, AND THE FINAL TRIUMPH OF
VALOUR AND JUSTICE.

It was a night —a lovely night,

A night of glittering stars :

And sweetly beam'd bright Venus forth,

And redly glisten'd Mars.

And through the wood, bold Reginald,
Went plodding on his way :
How very natural 'twas he long'd
To see the break of day.

To make the road less tedious seem
He warbled forth a ditty
That breath'd a fervent suppliant strain,
Night-echo seem'd to pity.

THE ECHO SONG.

Say! who can guide my wandering feet,
Now, now astray? (*Echo.*) Now, now astray!
To where three rolling rivers meet,
Far, far away? (*Echo.*) Far, far away!
'Tis there alone,
One mighty arm,
Can rend this strong and magic charm;
There, there alone! (*Echo.*) There, there alone!
Ye translunarian powers on high
Look on me down! (*Echo.*) Look on me down!
And grant such mortal destiny,
Mine, mine alone! (*Echo.*) Mine, mine alone!
To conquest on!
The soldier cries,
And midnight echo soft replies,
To conquest on! (*Echo.*) To conquest on!

The morning dawn'd, and from the wood
A granite mountain rose,
Whose sides were fring'd with firs and yews,
And crown'd with cypress boughs.

Close to its base a monument
Of blackest marble stood ;
Its bright steel portals bound with brass
Were spotted o'er with blood.

Before the monument, a large
Fierce Bull was grazing seen :
His eyes were greener than the grass,
Though that was very green.

His tail was longer than a pine,
Though pines are very long ;
His hoofs were stronger far than steel,
Though steel is very strong.

His hide was blacker than the night
When nights are very black :
Still thought bold Reginald, I'll give
His Mightiness a crack.

And so he drew his trusty sword
And put him on his guard :
But lo ! the blade was like a straw,
His shield, an idle card.

On rush'd the Bull ; but as he rush'd,
The young Knight stepp'd aside ;
And aim'd one blow upon his neck,
Another on his hide.

In splinters flew the glittering blade,
Though 'twas Damascus steel ;
So *hors de combat* thought the Knight,
I'll try it,—toe and heel. _

But in an instant, round the Bull
 Turn'd on his unarm'd foe ;
And flung him twenty feet, or more,
 On to a pear tree's bough.

The nimble Knight grip'd fast the branch,
 Though sore his limbs did chafe :
“ I'm here,” said he, “ but after all,
 “ I'm not so very safe.”

For now, behold ! the savage Bull
 Was tearing up the sod,
With horns which were with iron-tipp'd,
 And hoofs with iron-shod.

At length the tree began to shake,
 Then shook the young Knight too ;
For in such sad and doubtful plight
 What else could mortal do ?

At last he thought upon the words
Which princely Arthur spoke ;
And then as from some feverish dream,
His sinking heart awoke.

From out his vest, Sir Reginald,
Next drew the little book ;
A roar !—a rend !—a rend !—a roar !—
Lo ! how that pear tree shook.

Then thought the Knight there virtue is
In grease that comes from bears :
I'll try what necromancy lies
In what he calls his hairs.

So 'twixt his hands the hairs he rubb'd ;
When rushing from the wood,
Before the Bull, a mighty Bear
In fierce defiance stood.

'Twas but a minute's work to seize
The wild Bull with his snout ;
Then throwing him upon his back
He ripp'd his entrails out.

From out the Bull a wild duck flew,
“ Quack, quack,” she cried, “ quack, quack!”
Quoth Reginald, “ there's magic here,
“ And duckie must come back.”

And so he rubb'd the feathers three,
His brother Edgar's gift ;
“ The Bear,” said he, “ has serv'd my stead,
“ I'll try the Eagle's drift.”

Swift as an arrow from a bow,
Though unseen in the sky,
An Eagle darted on the duck,
And cleav'd her, head to thigh.

From out the duck a golden egg
Was seen to fall, and take
It's course, like fairy aëronaut,
To a translucent lake.

Yon egg, thought Reginald, contains
The magic mystery :
And next he thought, how to his power
It might restored be.

And then he thought upon the gift
His brother Ufo gave :
So rubb'd his scales, just as the egg
Had reach'd the crystal wave.

A mighty fish from thence arose
And seiz'd the precious store ;
Then flung it from his ponderous jaws
Upon the sedgy shore.

Sir Reginald took up the egg
And dash'd it on the ground ;
It broke, and vanish'd ; and, instead
Of egg, a key he found.

A golden key, all burnish'd bright,
Studded with jewels o'er :
“ Belike,” said he, “ this key will open
“ Yon monumental door.”

“ 'Tis very small, but still I'll try .
“ What golden keys can do.”
It touch'd the wards, and open wide
The iron portals flew.

In rush'd the knight—a mighty chasm
There seem'd to be at first ;
But soon into a rich domain
The dim-lit region burst.

Beneath the canopy he saw
A maiden fast asleep :
He scream'd into her ears in vain,
Her slumber was so deep.

This was the Lady Hildegard ;
And mourn'd the Knight her doom :
Yet knew not how to rescue her
From forth her living tomb.

He turn'd, and gaz'd upon the plain,
Lo ! there three rivers met ;
In brilliant hues their waves roll'd on,
White, yellow, violet.

And then again an island rose
Amid the emerald stream,
With altar grac'd, just as he'd seen,
The same shrine in his dream.

Before him stood a snow-white slab
Of alabaster made,
And on the slab a two-edg'd sword
With golden hilt was laid.

He seiz'd the weapon : to his grasp
It yielded, and it seem'd
The very blade of which, beneath
The lime tree he had dream'd.

Above the slab an ancient clock
(Its hands, a sword and arm,)
Stood at ten minutes after six,
Fix'd by the mighty charm.

A dial told a different tale,
For by the sinking sun
'Twas not yet six, but moments now
Were fast upon the run.

“ The arm, and sword,” said Reginald,
“ I feel now both are mine ;
“ And lo ! the hour, that too is here,
“ Though far on the decline.”

His first thought then was to regain
The island in the stream ;
For now the Knight began to put
Some faith upon his dream.

A little shallop stoutly plied
Soon brought the rower too :
The marble altar now had chang'd
To one of dusky hue.

And on the plinth some warning words
Seem'd Reginald to fix ;
“ Strike not,” they said, “ or strike before
“ Ten minutes after six.”

Up went the arm of Reginald,
Up went the two-edged blade ;
A stunning blow he struck, and low
The altar prostrate laid.

The opening earth receiv'd the shrine,
The waters pass'd away,
And all around was green and bright
Like a Midsummer's day.

From her deep trance fair Hildegarde
Started, and gaz'd around ;
Nor knew she by what wond'rous power
The spell had been unbound.

But when she saw Sir Reginald
Her heart's misgivings sped ;
And to her bold deliverer's arms
The timid creature fled.

“ Fear not, fair maid,” said Reginald,
“ Whate’er of hope remains ;
“ I’ll risk for thee, or die to break
“ Foul Demagorgon’s chains.”

“ But look what cavalcades are these
“ From north, and east, and west ?
“ With banners floating in the air,
“ Each Knight with lance in rest ?”

And where they come on prancing steeds
Along the dusty road ;
Five minutes past three plenteous streams
In winding currents flow’d.

As Reginald, the wond’rous child,
Saw the arm’d troops approach ;
He recogniz’d his sisters three,
Each riding in her coach.

And Hildegarde her brothers knew,
 Though long they'd sever'd been ;
For elfin laws, as hath been sung,
 Mar not a mortal scene.

First, from the north rode Arthur on,
 Upon his shield a bear
Was blazon'd on a golden field ;
 All proper to a hair.

Next from the east Prince Edgar came,
 And on his bossy shield
A golden eagle proudly soar'd
 Upon an azure field.

Then from the west rode Ufo last,
 A dolphin was his crest ;
And on his shield of dazzling green
 Three dolphins were imprest.

Beside them in three coaches rode
Their lovely partners three ;
And round them throng'd young gallant Knights
And Squires of high degree.

Arthur's three little cubs now show'd
As three fine chubby girls ;
With cherub faces, Titian ne'er
Painted such cheeks and curls.

The Eagle's egg had twins produc'd
Two lively, lovely boys,
To whom the starry Gemini
Are constellated toys.

On Bertha's knee, a merry lad,
Smiling, in beauty sat ;
Not quite so graceful, for he was,
Like Ufo, rather fat.

When they beheld fair Hildegarde
The Knights their chargers left,
And seiz'd their sister in their arms
As men of sense bereft.

And when the "child of wonder" saw
His sisters of the train ;
He kiss'd them once, he kiss'd them twice
And thrice he kiss'd again.

He took the two-edg'd magic blade
And said, "with thee I've done,
"Since thou for me three sisters dear,
"And brothers three hast won."

He flung the blade up high in air,
It fell not down again :
A mighty Albatross was seen
Floating above the plain :

His beak he fasten'd on the sword,
Then flew with it away,
But whence he came, or where he went,
The legend doth not say.

A steed ! a steed ! a coal-black steed,
With rider mail'd in white,
Upon the conclave gallops on,
“ News ! news ! ” exclaims the Knight.

And when that Knight his steed had rein'd
He to the conclave said ;
“ The enchanter Zornëbock is slain ;
“ And they've cut off his head.”

“ No more shall Demagorgon rule
“ For broken is the spell ;
“ Then hie ye home, Lord Earndolf waits
“ To greet his children well.”

On to the castle now repair
The Knights in gallant trim ;
Sir Reginald his father greets,
His mother greeteth him.

There are such greetings, and such smiles,
Such cheers, such welcomings,
Such happy hearts, and cakes so hot,
Sweet wines, and such like things.

Lo ! it would take an hour or more
To chronicle the day ;
'Twas like some levee which the Queen
Holds at the end of May.

'Twould fill three columns of *The Times*,
In minion type so small ;
Therefore to fancy must we leave
The gala at the Hall.

One record still the legend hath ;—
The happiest day was when
Fair Hildegarde made Reginald
The happiest of men.

Such lessons had the Baron learnt
He grew an alter'd man ;
The Baroness resolv'd likewise
Upon a better plan.

The interest of their cash alone
The daily want supplies :
No thankless spongy guests are seen
To haunt their premises.

A month of festive joy was held,
A month of pleasantness ;
And after twenty years of grief
Who could have wish'd them less ?

Away then sped Prince Arthur, and
 Away too Edgar sped ;
Prince Ufo follow'd, and away
 The Knights their legions led.

Three towns they built on their estates,
 But why they built ? and where ?
If you have not the preface read,
 You'll find the story there.

And at the Hall, Sir Reginald
 With Hildegarde remains
As heir at law, and Seneschal
 Of Earndolf's wide domains.

And to a green and good old age
 Live Earndolf and his spouse,
To see their child and grand children
 The pride of Earndolf House.

SECTION II.

Ophelia. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart.

Hamlet.

SECTION THE LAST PROVIDES A MORAL, THE VIEN OF WHICH THE
INTELLIGENT READER MUST HAVE SEEN THROUGHOUT.

Most gentle reader would ye know
The moral of my song ?
Or how that moral may apply ?
To whom it may belong ?

The moral by the legend taught
Is seen throughout the drift ;
Wealth with extravagance is vain,
Small means may serve with thrift.

Improvvidence becomes at last
A self-inflicting knout ;
And those who act as Earndolf did,
Will one day find it out.

See how he spar'd not truth, nor sense,
Nor honor, in his mood :
To gain the world's applause, he sold
His very children's blood !

And will the world repay such acts ?
Just try it, and you'll find
It warily will always leave,
The spendthrift fool behind.

And yet the world's a pleasant world,
A pleasant world of smiles ;
But who may hope to find it free
From cares and guilty guiles ?

As to the dreadful Zornëbock !

 If conscience him we call ?

Then every heart will find at times

 Conscience transforms us all.

No matter what the impulse is,

 The passion that degrades ;

These take a thousand different forms,

 A thousand different shades.

Curb then each vain, each proud desire,

 Bow down the stubborn mind ;

And let your thoughts and feelings be

 To charity inclin'd.

On Faith's sweet promises rely ;

 In heavenly Hope put trust ;

Remembering in our sunniest hours

 That we are only dust.

And let this great commandment be

The key to every other ;

Love thy Creator all in all,

But still, love one another.

Such was the mission, such the law

And precept from above ;

And while they tell us “ love is heaven,”

They tell us, “ heaven is love.”

END.

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